



A Clever Cartoon of James Hazen Hyde, Caricaturing His Affectations, by Elsie Whelen, Now Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr.

THE war has produced many miracles, but none of them more remarkable than the transformation of James Hazen Hyde, of Paris, from an extravagant expatriate into an earnest American.

Fifteen years ago his remarkable personal extravagance led to a reform of our insurance companies, because the wealth he spent so freely came from one of the richest of them.

Disgusted with a country where a gentleman could not amuse himself as he pleased, he withdrew to Paris, where he became one of the most conspicuous and confirmed of our rich American expatriates.

In Paris he was until recently noted chiefly for his liberal patronage of actresses and his devotion to all kinds of luxury, amusement and prodigality. He was an ardent supporter of Madame Rejane, the distinguished comedienne. He was so devoted to Madame Cecile Sorel, another noted Parisian actress, that society thought he was going to marry her.

His attentions were not confined to Parisian actresses. Wherever in Europe a talented young artist could show a pretty face she was pretty sure to obtain generous assistance and sympathy from Mr. Hyde.

The attractive Miss Ruby Lorraine, known as "the original Kirchner girl," is said to have owed her rapid success largely to our open-handed expatriate and the same may be said of scores of others.

To-day the golden butterfly is completely transformed. He is working heart and soul for the benefit of our soldier boys in France. He sleeps under the American flag. He is a most valued Y. M. C. A. worker; he is carrying comforts and delicacies to our soldiers; he is amusing them; he is helping them with their education; he is telling them that virtue alone brings happiness, and he is helping in a hundred ways to assure the success of the American cause.

Before the war Mr. Hyde avoided Americans as much as possible. He has a beautiful villa at Passy, near Paris, where he used to entertain French society. Unlike William Waldorf Astor, he did not give up his American citizenship, but he did become the most Parisian of the Parisians.

He knew all the prominent statesmen and learned scholars, as well as all the actresses.

More nearly than anyone in all France his parties resembled those celebrated salons of former days. Under the skin our bachelor expatriate even in pre-war days was still a bit of an American, and he decided to help us lose some of our intellectual crudities. Through Harvard and the Sorbonne he arranged for a series of exchange lectures; he even paid the expenses of the professors who lectured.

In 1909 Mr. Hyde was singularly honored by being asked to deliver a lecture before the Cercle des Conférences, a most learned and exclusive body, numbering eight "immortals" among its members. Never before had an American been invited to address this society. Most certainly our bachelor expatriate had arrived!

Then war was declared, and Mr. Hyde, having married the beautiful Countess de Gontaut-Biron, formerly Martha Leishman, daughter of John G. A. Leishman, ex-Ambassador to Germany, threw himself and his fortune heartily into the conflict. He turned his magnificent Paris mansion into

How Expatriate James Hazen Hyde Turned All American Again

The Surprisingly Gratifying Meta-morphosis of America's Once Most Gorgeous Social Butterfly--Frivolities and Extravagances All Burned Away in the Fire of War



PHOTO E. O. HOPPE



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Two Attractive Pictures of Miss Ruby Lorraine, "the Original Kirchner Girl," Whom Mr. Hyde Helped to Succeed. Now He Has Abandoned All Such Enterprises for Earnest War Work.

a hospital and devoted himself to the relief of the French wounded. Incidentally he benefited America for not getting into the fight.

In December, 1916, Mr. Hyde wrote an impassioned article in one of the Paris Journals in which he advocated a Pan-Atlantic alliance between America, France and Great Britain. A few months later America went into the war, and suddenly another phase in Mr. Hyde's development began.

Almost overnight, as it were, he became a simon-pure American, even resuming his native accent and wearing a tiny American flag in his lapel instead of the familiar exquisite boutonniere.

When our first troops landed in France Mr. Hyde met them and organized all sorts of entertainments for such as could be entertained. He founded clubs for the offi-

cers and men and helped organize canteens and hospitals. No task was too great, no task was too small for him to assist in putting through.

But his latest job places him on a pedestal all his own. With Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, treasurer of Yale University, Dr. John Fliley, former president of the College of the City of New York, and several other eminent educators, Mr. Hyde is arranging to help instruct the great mass of American soldiers who are and who will be stationed in Europe. Under this plan they will not fall behind in education in consequence of their army service.

Through Mr. Hyde's offices the French universities will open their doors to the young Americans whose college education was cut short by the war.

These students will be permitted to finish their courses in France, and hundreds of

other Americans will be permitted to begin courses which may be completed later in America.

Mr. Hyde is also interested in the welfare of thousands of our soldiers who can hardly read or write English, and he is working with the Y. M. C. A. to have schools organized wherever possible. And also he is arranging for free French lessons to be given to his countrymen over there.

All this truly splendid work is being done by the butterfly of fortune who, fifteen years ago, amused New York and Newport society by his extravagances. Was there ever a more complete regeneration?

By the way, speaking of transformations, Mr. Hyde has spent a considerable number of nights in the Y. M. C. A. bunks sleeping on cots. No black silk sheets and purple satin spreads protected him from the dampness, and no valet brought him his breakfast in black glazed china! His valets and finkies are fighting for France, and James Hazen Hyde, Beau Brummel of the Bois, exquisite of all exquisite, has a new name—he is "a jolly good fellow," according to the American soldiers "over there."

To understand our reformed expatriate thoroughly, it is interesting to go back to the time when he was still an ornament of New York society. Fifteen years ago Mr. Hyde, one might say, of France; not so many years ago, Mr. Hyde, eligible bachelor, wealthy dilettante and dabbler in half a dozen of the arts, was one of the institutions of New York and Newport society. His tall, slender figure, dark-brown Van Dyke beard, pink boutonniere and gray spats were familiar sights in every resort where New York society foregathered.

He was the butterfly of fortune who discovered Lakewood, socially, and put it on the map of the fashionable New Yorker. Those seasons when Newport was able to capture Mr. Hyde even for a fortnight were considered remarkable. Yes, fifteen years ago this modern Lucullus, so to speak, led New York society by its nose.

To-day Mr. Hyde has become a most serious-minded gentleman, intent only on adding to the comfort and efficiency of our army now fighting in France. Mr. Hyde, the gay and giddy bachelor, has also become an "intellectual" in France. He lectures at the Sorbonne on American subjects, and associates with the most illustrious savants of France.

Wonderful Jimmy," as he was called, has passed through many interesting phases of development before attaining his present exalted condition.

It was about 1901 when Mr. Hyde's full glory burst upon New York society. It was then that the young man, fresh from Harvard, began spending the wealth left to him by his father, president of the great Equitable Life Assurance Society. Up to the moment when he began to take society seriously he had been looked upon as just another wealthy Harvard man ready to be plucked matrimonially by some beautiful young heiress. His great potentialities were undreamed of.

But this golden bachelor separated himself from the common or garden variety of bachelors and assumed almost imperial importance. He gave magnificent dinners and entertainments in his Fifth avenue mansion, set up a coaching stable, and almost before society knew where it was at he had become its supreme arbiter.

His idiosyncracies became very marked, but society smiled and even loved them. For example, when invited to country house parties, one of Mr. Hyde's valets—he always took three with him—went ahead and made over the sacred sleeping room to suit his master's whims. Mr. Hyde's bed must be made up with black silk sheets and pillow slips, his blankets and spread must be of royal purple. Black hangings must be put over all the windows and if possible black rugs must be substituted for any of brilliant coloring. Mr. Hyde's morning coffee must be served in black glazed china, and freshly picked violets were the only flowers permitted within this shrine. And this was years before the black craze originated in Paris!

A near-tragedy occurred one Spring at the late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's country place at Garrison, New York. Mrs. Fish was very hospitable and when entertaining her friends spared no effort to make them happy and comfortable. One weekend when Mr. Hyde was her chief guest, her butler sent one of the footmen upstairs with the chief guest's breakfast. The silver tray was laden with delicate rose glazed china, a spray of pink roses rested on the napkin and the funky himself wore the famous maroon velvet livery of the Fish family.

Something had happened to Mr. Hyde's three valets; perhaps they were out hunting for violets. At all events this frightful apparition not only entered the deep black bedroom but with a grunt drew back the black hangings and let the midday sun pour into the room. Mr. Hyde's big black eyes rolled up into his head, so the funky said, and he seemed about to die.

Fortunately the head valet appeared and peace and gloom were instantly restored. Mr. Hyde's nervous system was so shattered that he had to remain in his rooms the rest of the day, thus spoiling Mrs. Fish's perfectly good party.

It was shortly after this event that Mr. Hyde gave his spectacular costume fete at

Sherry's. In the insurance exposure it came out that the fete cost \$50,000. Society, however, has always insisted that it really cost \$100,000, for it counted in many items, such as gifts, that naturally did not figure in the insurance accounts.

Hardly had New York recovered from this event when "the Divine Sarah" appeared for a short dramatic season, and the butterfly of fortune tendered her a banquet estimated to have cost \$30,000. Mr. Hyde, even during his meteoric career at Harvard, where he led all the glided youths of his class, gave evidence of being a noteworthy French scholar, and in his senior year dabbled extensively in art.

It was said that he even patronized John Sargent! He founded the Cercle Français at Harvard and the Alliance Française to help Frenchmen living in America.

His dinner to Sarah Bernhardt was but one evidence of his interest in the French stage. Society speedily recalled that the crowning feature of his famous costume ball had been a little comedy of French life performed by Madame Rejane, for which Mr. Hyde had sent to Paris for the scenery.

Perhaps no one man ever so puzzled New York society as did James Hazen Hyde at this time. He apparently had two natures, two temperaments. He could be the scholar and patron of arts one moment, and the next the most exquisite of Beau Brummels, paying his barber ten dollars a day to keep his celebrated Vandyke beard and black pompadour in a state of perfection.

New York stared agape at his manners and habits. He gave a luncheon for M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, at which all the great scholars in America were present. He held them spellbound by his eloquent knowledge of French literature. But his costume held them equally entranced, for his necktie, socks, spats and carnation boutonniere were all bright green.

"How could a man," said these savants, "wear such clothes and know so much!"

Mrs. "Bobbie" Goelitz, formerly Elsie Whelen, of Philadelphia, and now Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr., of Paris, caricatured Mr. Hyde and his clothes and the French savants wondered anew. The caricature was painful but true!

Then the insurance storm broke over the butterfly's head, and his social stock went down, way down. Of course, being a sportsman, Mr. Hyde waited until it was all over, for with all his spectacular eccentricities he was a brave man and would not run when attacked. When the investigation was closed he sold his American holdings and went off on a round-the-world jaunt.

In India he studied the dances of the Nautch girls. In Arabia he learned how to make the most wonderful coffee. In Turkey he was invited to visit a notable pasha and his harem—when the ladies were absent. In Japan he studied Geisha girls, and in China he assaulted an impertinent coolie, an incident that almost brought about an international complication. All these things he did, and more, and then he arrived in Paris ready to spend the rest of his life forgetting America and all Americans.

But the great world tragedy has brought out his real American human nature.